From October/November 2024 (Volume 177)

Cover Picture

Bullrushes on one of our new ponds on The Enfield Chase

Well, these volumes are taking over my whole world. My study is now bursting to overflowing with my books and also these volumes. I am 'borrowing' books from the library now rather than buying books as I literally have no more shelf space. I read nightly but as Lynn will point out…." *he intends to read, but I often find him asleep with his glasses crookedly still on and the book lying forlornly on his chest"*….Having 'found' the various family cards and letters in the previous volumes meant a lot of work, photographing and translating, in some cases, and generally sorting them out for transferring to these pages. It was, at times, pretty daunting, especially the letter informing Dad that his parents had been murdered in the concentration camp. I can not comprehend what it must have been like to flee from persecution leaving family behind and being in a strange country not speaking the language and then receiving that news so impersonally. Then to top it all he went back to Germany year after year with such a positive attitude, teaching youngsters about that period in German history that for obvious reasons they probably had never heard from their own families. A real hard act to follow.

The sad 'torn out' pages from Mum's diary also made sad reading but this was all contrasted by the happy cards and letters from all our great family to one another over a long time span. Love seems to permeate all these various pages. A really great feeling.

I often reflect on how Mum and Dad came to a foreign country at such a young age leaving their parents behind in such dangerous times, falling in love and making a life here together and leaving behind a loving family. I often look at that photo of dad and Tammy walking down the garden and chatting. This symbolises, for me, the heritage that our wonderful parents left behind.

Like wise, Morrie and Lilly came from very difficult backgrounds and their love for one another gave them a unity and despite sad happenings in their lives as well, managed to create a loving family and Lynn is the outstanding personification of their love.

These volumes reflect a whole dynasty of life and many, many times are reflected here for future generations and I really hope that someone will, not only read about our lives, but maybe also continue a contemporary record of the ongoing family.

I could never collate start to my photos and thoughts now...because one forgets so much and that is why I am so happy that I have been able to produce and record all my Photo History contemporaneously.

Thinking about it, I don't think anyone has done what I have done here, because a diary is too personal and photo albums are too boring , my concept of contemporary photos and text combined seem to be unique.

Anyway, as I always say...if you find this boring why have you read this far??

This book, as always will flit from scenes of daily life to what's happening all around me and for that reason alone might give an indication of what it was like to live through the closing months of 2024.

Who knows what people will enjoy in the future. I certainly cant even guess. The speed of change is now so incredibly fast but probably previous generations thought exactly the same. I know that we were thought of as outrageous by our parents and likewise our kids seemed, at times, outrageous to us and one assumes that my grandchildren and great grandchild may seem outrageous to my kids so probably every generation thinks that progress is not improving life.

However, when I look at all my family, and I mean ALL my family, I think , on the whole, we have done all right….yes we made tons of mistakes, but leant from them and surely that's what life is all about.

Bet you didn't think my preface would be so sloppy but sometimes one has to write what one feels.

The next page ...my fairy story. Shows my feelings about the prospective ***Green Belt*** changes…

Read on dear reader...read on

RMK October 27th 2024

The wicked Count..a modern fairy story

Once upon a time, just like in all good fairy stories, there was a Count who ruled over his vast kingdom and was loved

by all his loyal subjects. **COUNT SILL**

This Count was called Sill and his love of martial arts won him many prizes but his most prized was his black belt

which he kept on show in the royal palace in the centre of the village. **HIS COVETED BLACK BELT**

His kingdom was surrounded by green fields, streams and meadows where his loyal subjects loved to walk with their families and dogs but he never ventured far from his sumptuous royal palace which was paid for by his loyal subjects

Everyone in the village proudly boasted that theirs was the greenest village in the land.

However, Count Sill loved to gamble and made a lot of bad decisions and unknown to his loyal subjects he risked all the gold in the coffers and finally all that was left was the peaceful end field beloved by his unsuspecting subjects.

The nasty greedy people from the next kingdom heard of Count Sill's plight and secretly offered him gold for the end field so they could make their village larger and build their houses there.

One small problem was that the end field did not actually belong to the Count and was not his to sell. An old, old hard-fought law clearly stated that it belonged to his people to enjoy for ever.

However he was so delighted at the thought that all his financial problems would soon be over and he still had his coveted black belt that he was so proud of.

Count Sill gathered evil men around to persuade the trusting villagers to agree to sell off the end field.

The Count and his wicked advisors all reasoned that the trusting simple-minded subjects of the kingdom would still be able to walk their dogs through the new houses in streets which would be given wonderful country-like names and they would never miss the end field.

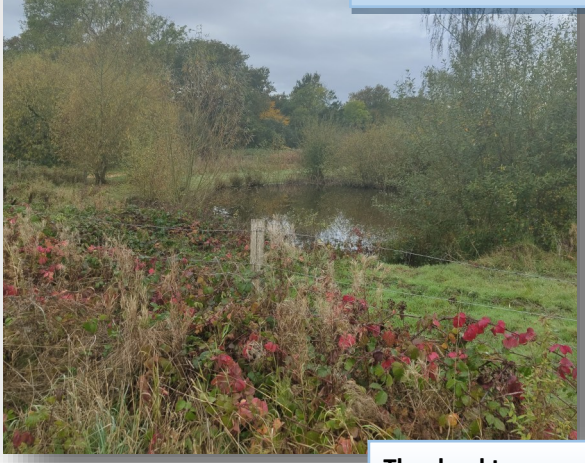
However, unknown to the gullible Count, in the small print the wicked buyers of the end field also made him agree to give up his beloved black belt which had slowly changed colour to green.

So the moral of this fairy story is to make sure that you are not ruled by a wicked Count Sill who is about to sell the end field and the hard won green belt without your permission.

A fairy story..or is it??? **R.. Oct '24**

Towards the end of October I got this message: Hi Ralph tomorrow's volunteering session is Tree Planting! :) , meeting in Botany Bay car park at 10am, the area we are planting is to the left of the farm track towards Cllr Brooks Wood at the top of the hill. Survival surveys showed this area could use a boost, so we have tweaked the species and are using trees with a pocket of soil surrounding them, we will mark the replanted trees for future monitoring

The natural pond at the footpath junction



One of the seating areas

The packs of trees ready for planting

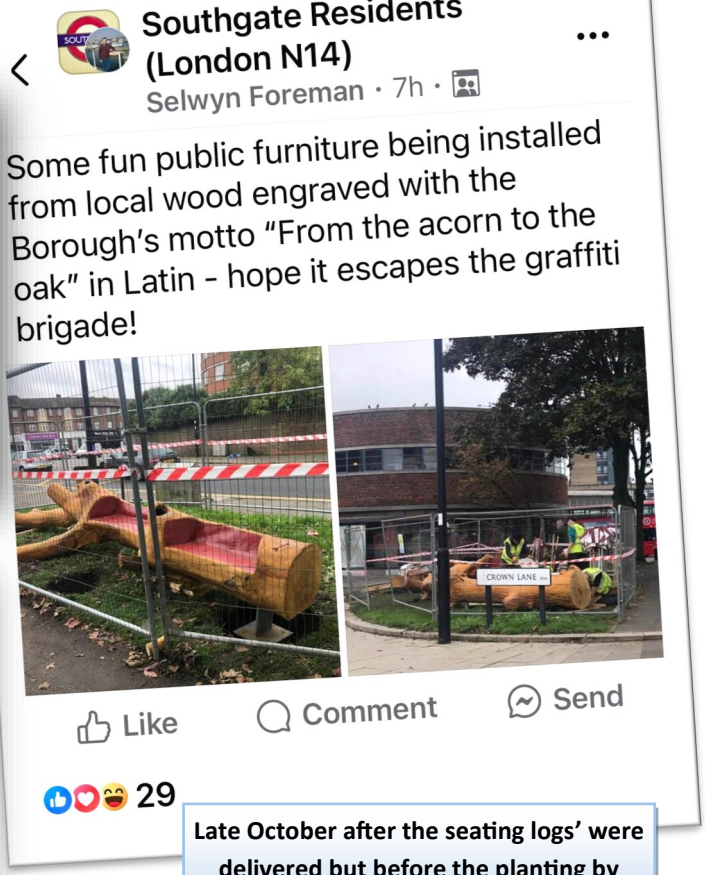
The dead tree removed, the new oak planted (with a cardboard 'mulch mat') and the post and stake ready to go back

James and Lynn by the mule

The planting gang

A well-earned break

Another 'failure' on the left and the spray-painted posts indicating new planting on the right


Southgate Residents (London N14)
Selwyn Foreman · 7h ·
Some fun public furniture being installed from local wood engraved with the Borough's motto "From the acorn to the oak" in Latin - hope it escapes the graffiti brigade!
Like
Comment
Send
29

Late October after the seating logs' were delivered but before the planting by local schools

The Pocket Parks in The High Road already well used

These two Pocket Parks are both in Ashfield Parade

The first lot of Rain Gardens in Southgate finished in October 2024

..and these have been completed and planted

Our FOEC committee AGM at Enfield

The hard working Tobs explaining to the impressed Cyril about his annual single-handed dig for Britain

Recognition of a lot of hard work as Lily, John and James receive the Gold Award for best Environment Wildlife Area

This guy had obviously been waiting for quite a while at this Camden cafe

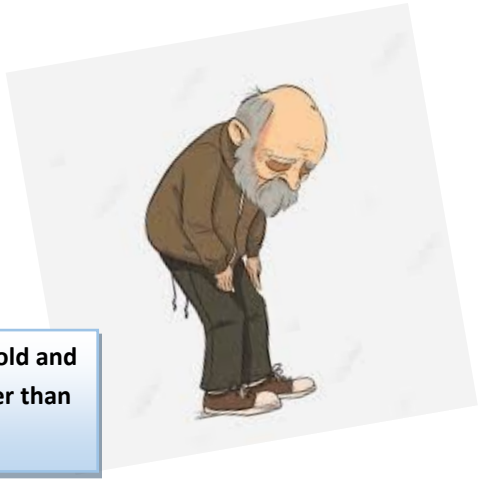
Tammy and Dan after scoffing one of our home –made meals

Four Stages In Tree Planting

(1) Select and mark the position

(2) Dig the initial hole size

(3) Dig the deep holes and move the soil

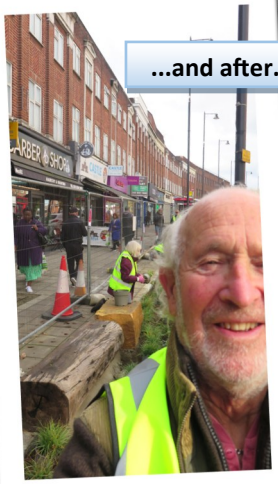


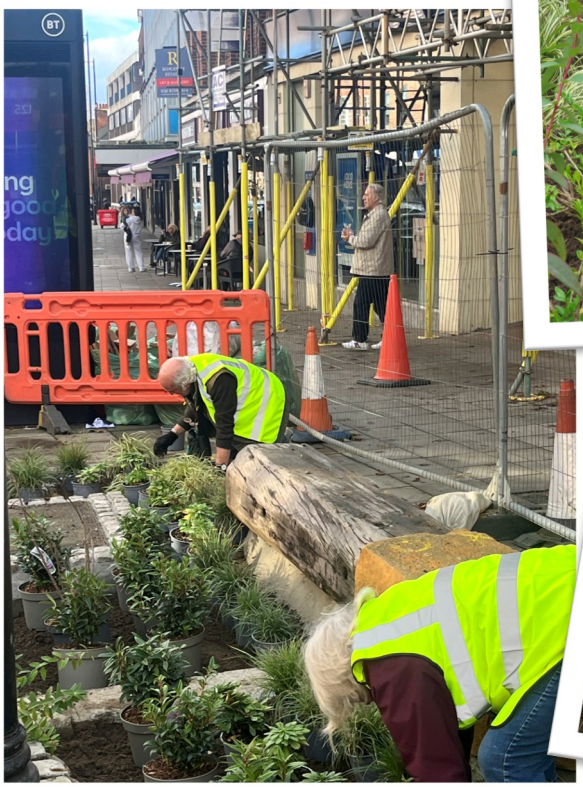
(4) Admit one is old and it was a lot harder than envisaged

Before

The Rain Gardens preparation outside 59 Chase Side, London N14

...and after...





Mid day Thoughts

Sometimes I hear something on the radio, or a thought just hits me for no obvious reason and I must 'get it down quickly' before it fades into the far recesses of my mind.

Now is just such a time.

A break in a busy day and I'm relaxing and reading another book, but my mind wanders off the written page and into the stratosphere. Not at all sure why the book is failing to hold my interest, because actually it's a good story. Anyway no excuse is necessary, I wasn't paying attention...*"concentrate Kley"*..a voice from my distant past seemed to be shouting.

Perhaps if I write my thoughts down, it'll free my wandering mind and allow me to continue with my book.

What is lurking somewhere in the back of my rambling disconnected thought process is the lurking thoughts of where we are now and what are the visible signs of where we will be in the future.

I've not got the ability to see into the future better than anyone round me. It's just that I have the gift of age.

Yes, it is a gift.

No one can take it away from me and I can use it anyway I please.

I like to think that age has given me a high platform where I can perch and, unseen by all around me, watch and observe what's happening.

Some say being old makes one invisible and that is so true.

I see so many mistakes I have personally made in my long life but these mistakes have helped me to forge a pattern that is not always bad.

Mistakes, if not repeated, can be so helpful.

Repeating them is senseless, but the sheer fact that making them personally is, in my case anyway, so much more useful than listening to someone who tells you that you 'are making a mistake'.

Idiots like me have to make their own mistakes and too often disregard advice.

No, I am not saying don't heed advice.

Being chased by a bear one can be warned not to escape across the river because the ice is thin.

The guy watching you chancing your luck on the thin ice, remained where he was, giving no more advice.

The bear ate him.

Seriously though, I have experienced so much change in my 80 years I feel I have so much I can talk about with authority.

If anyone will listen is another matter however.

At least I won't be eaten by the bear ..(anyway, I'm far too tough and gristly)

Manners and respect are two of my grouches

"Only two". ..I hear you ask?

When I was young..(this is where most younger people stifle a big yawn)...we had manners.

Manners are not part of our natural psyche, they are taught, usually by example..that is the way that they becomes a part of you.

Little things that we have lost..that often ridiculed very English peculiarity, namely, queuing.

Queuing is actually not peculiar, it is very civilised.

When the bus arrives nowadays that free for all scramble is so primitive.

Once on the bus ignore any old and infirm..where are the manners……..

No question mark, this is a rhetorical statement.

On with the air pods, forget conversation....where are the manners.

No question mark, this is a rhetorical statement.

Open up the takeaway and stink out the bus ……

No question mark, this is a rhetorical statement.

Put your feet on the seat, doubt if my sneakers are dirty anyway.....

No question mark, this is a rhetorical statement.

By now you will have me down as a grumpy old man, totally out of touch with 'modern times.

No I am not.

Yes, I am old, but please don't substitute the word 'old' for the word 'senile'

I love the world and totally appreciate change. What is important though is that change is not always for the better.

Take the examples above.

You are young now but you will be old one day too.

Wouldn't it be nice if everybody boarded the bus in a civilised fashion, people offered you a seat, then they spoke to you., kept their dirty shoes firmly on the floor, They then looked around and interacted with others and maybe they even waited until they got home, and, dare I say it, had their meal with their family.

Manners and respect are closely allied and there is an important prefix to the word respect.

It is 'self'

If one respects others one respects oneself and self respect is a great asset.

It gives one confidence, it surrounds a person and gives an aura that encourages others to want to be around that person.

One can be an individual yet maintaining ones own viewpoints, but with self respect I personally think that person will command respect from others.

Sorry to go on so long and I did want to give my own thoughts on AI and the future but I really don't want you to fall asleep.

So sorry if this bored you or you feel this is the rant of an old man.

You are totally right ..it is the rant of an old man..but one who shouts loudly from his elevated position hiding in full sight on his platform

RK. Nov'24

An original by Lyn ("with one 'L")

Untitled
(paintbrushes teal)

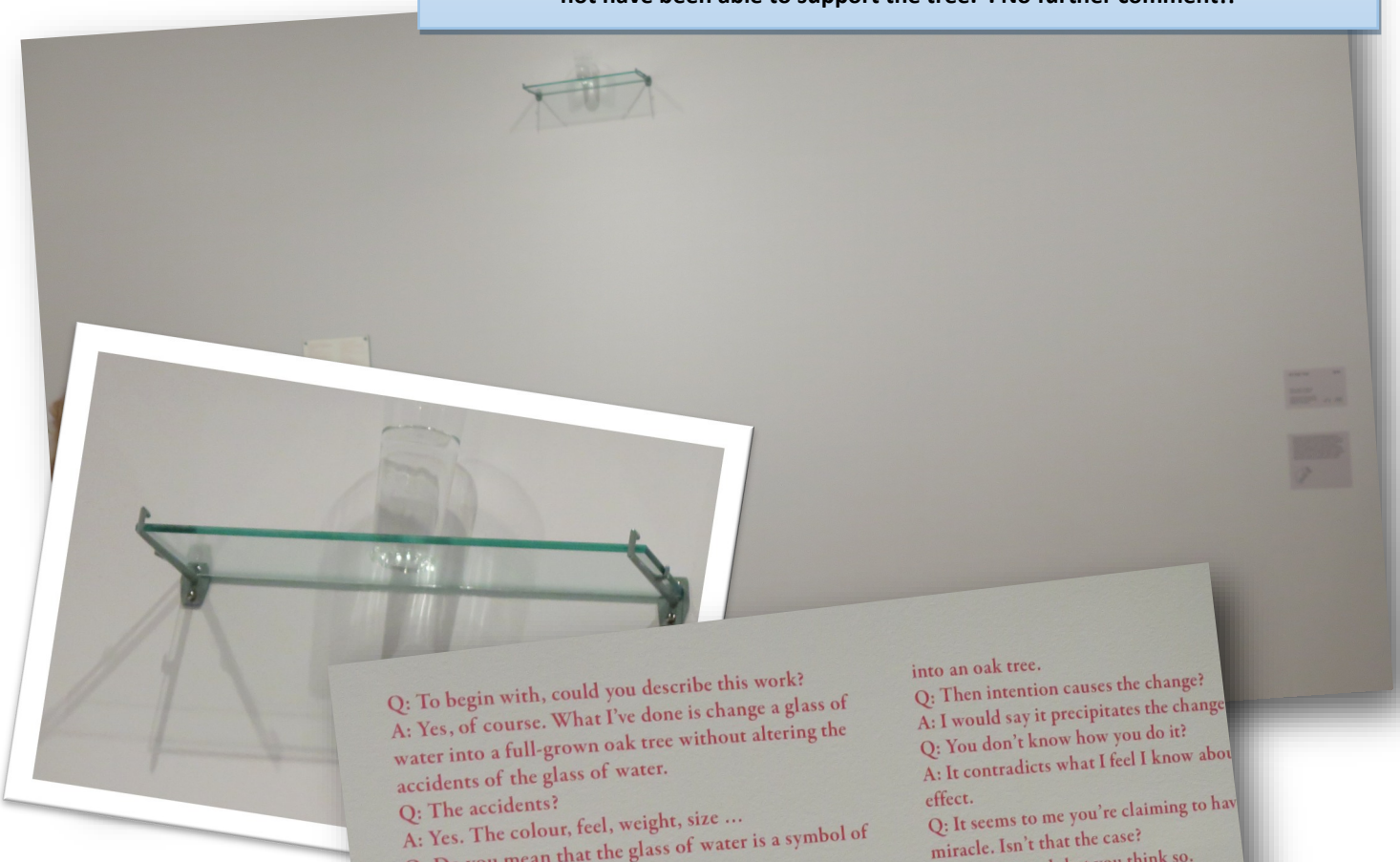
After all the work we did planting , this idiot thought it was acceptable to park damaging the shrubs. Yes, I had a word in his 'shell-like'

Tammy with Jake October '24

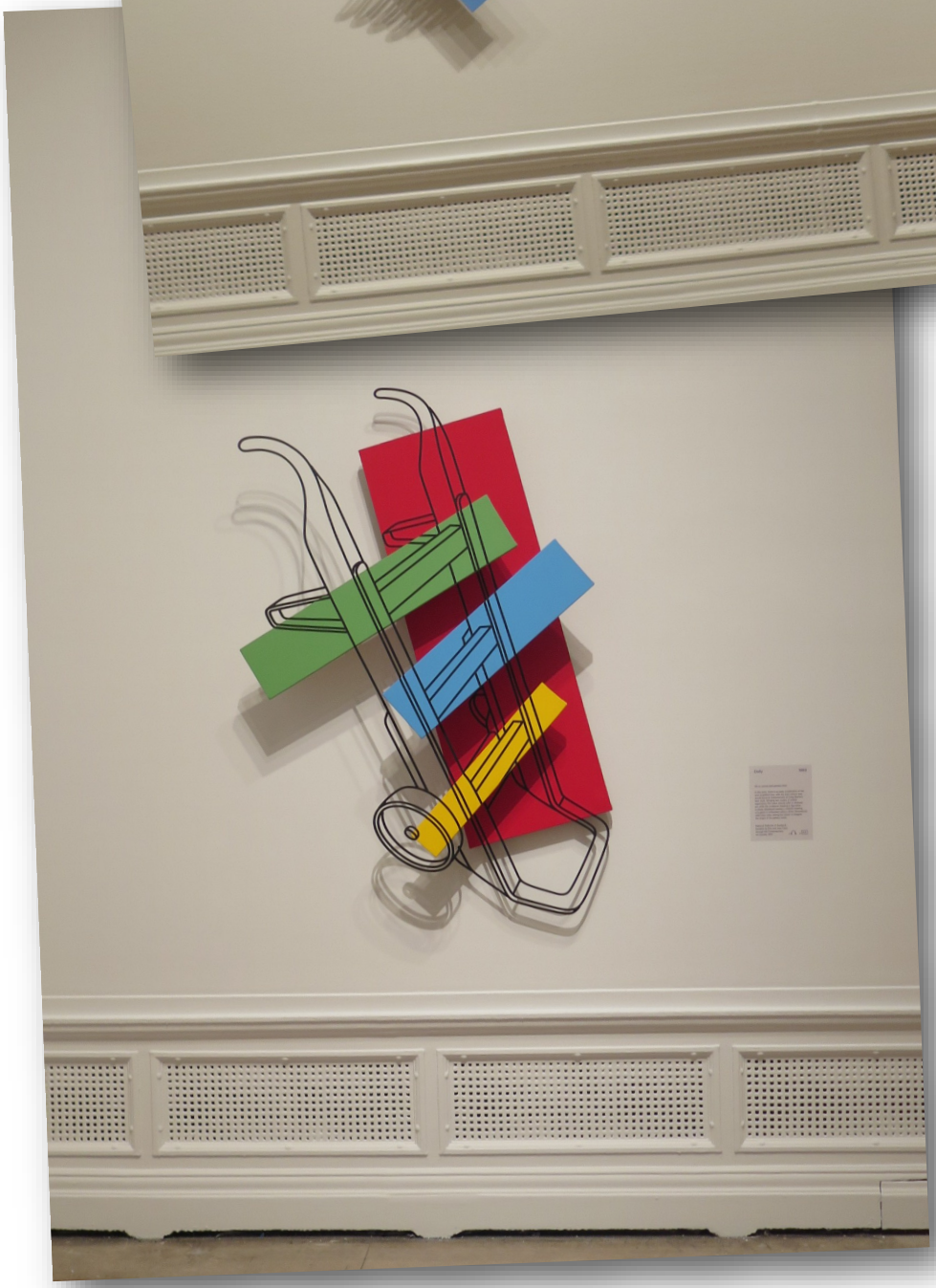
The RA in Picadilly often have controversial art exhibitions but…..well rather than giving our opinion , let the pictures speak for themselves...

We were so glad that there was an explanation of this work of art (see above) because we thought the workmen had gone for a tea break

Let me set the scene. A very large gallery room with a high ceiling. All white walls. A bored attendant in one corner and a few bemused members of the public enter. On one wall, high up is a glass of water. We look, and we then move over to a very, very large description of this *'work of art'*. It appears we are mistake. It is not a glass of water. It is a fully grown mature oak tree. Well thanks so much because that shelf would possibly not have been able to support the tree. . No further comment!!



Q: To begin with, could you describe this work?
A: Yes, of course. What I've done is change a glass of water into a full-grown oak tree without altering the accidents of the glass of water.
Q: The accidents?
A: Yes. The colour, feel, weight, size …
Q: Do you mean that the glass of water is a symbol of an oak tree?
A: No. It's not a symbol. I've changed the physical substance of the glass of water into that of an oak tree.
Q: It looks like a glass of water …
A: Of course it does. I didn't change its appearance. But it's not a glass of water. It's an oak tree.
Q: Can you prove what you claim to have done?
A: Well, yes and no. I claim to have maintained the physical form of the glass of water and, as you can see, I have. However, as one normally looks for evidence of physical change in terms of altered form, no such proof exists.
Q: Haven't you simply called this glass of water an oak tree?
A: Absolutely not. It is not a glass of water any more. I have changed its actual substance. It would no longer be accurate to call it a glass of water. One could call it anything one wished but that would not alter the fact that it is an oak tree.
Q: Isn't this just a case of the emperor's new clothes?
A: No. With the emperor's new clothes people claimed to see something which wasn't there because they felt they should. I would be very surprised if anyone told me they saw an oak tree.
Q: Was it difficult to effect the change?
A: No effort at all. But it took me years of work before I realized I could do it.
Q: When precisely did the glass of water become an oak tree?
A: When I put water in the glass.
Q: Does this happen every time you fill a glass with water?
A: No, of course not. Only when I intend to change it into an oak tree.
Q: Then intention causes the change?
A: I would say it precipitates the change
Q: You don't know how you do it?
A: It contradicts what I feel I know abou effect.
Q: It seems to me you're claiming to hav miracle. Isn't that the case?
A: I'm flattered that you think so.
Q: But aren't you the only person who c something like this?
A: How could I know?
Q: Could you teach others to do it?
A: No. It's not something one can teach.
Q: Do you consider that changing the gl into an oak tree constitutes an artwork?
A: Yes.
Q: What precisely is the artwork? The gl
A: There is no glass of water any more.
Q: The process of change?
A: There is no process involved in the ch
Q: The oak tree?
A: Yes. the oak tree.
Q: But the oak tree only exists in the min
A: No. The actual oak tree is physically p the form of the glass of water. As the gla was a particular glass of water, the oak t particular. To conceive the category 'oak picture a particular oak tree is not to und experience what appears to be a glass of oak tree. Just as it is imperceivable, it is a inconceivable.
Q: Did the particular oak tree exist some before it took the form of the glass of wa
A: No. This particular oak tree did not ex previously. I should also point out that it and will not ever have any other form bu glass of water.
Q: How long will it continue to b
A: Until I change it.



The three dimensional effect on these works displayed in isolation was very effective

Pricks 2000

Acrylic on canvas

Courtesy the artist

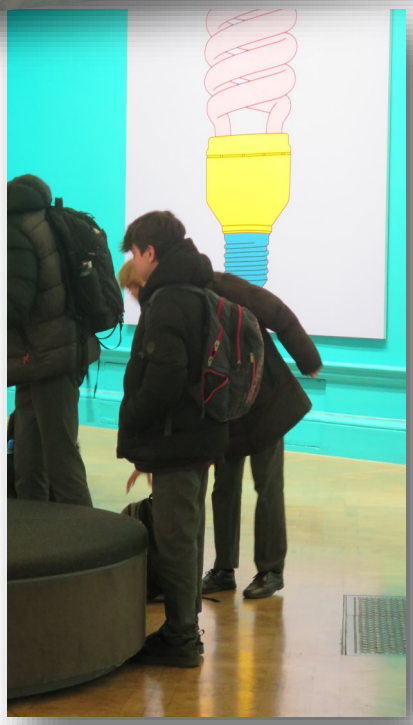
This is a nice way of saying that he was unable to sell it...joking apart, we actually liked it

History Painting 1995

Acrylic on aluminium

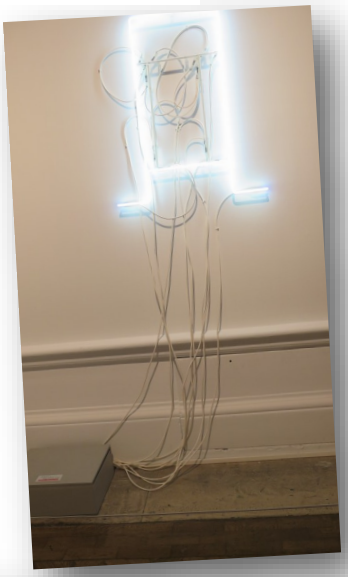
One of Craig-Martin's earliest colour paintings, this work brings together two forms of expression. The artist explains: 'I've tried to reconcile certain aspects of abstraction and representation that are usually considered irreconcilable.' The bucket and clipboard – both recurring motifs in Craig-Martin's early work – are assertively figurative, while the large blocks of colour-filled spaces hark back to Abstract Expressionism.

I love these few shots of the vibrancy of the displays and, as in previous exhibitions, I often find the people engrossed in the art allows me to get some really special shots...do you agree??



A page of in-your-face total colour

….”maybe he should get someone in to help him tidy up”



Craig-Martin created re-interpretations of several of Edouard Manet's most important works. The Impressionist artist's *Le Déjeuner sur l'herbe* scandalised the public with its depiction of a nude woman looking directly at the viewer while seated with two men dressed in modern fashions. Craig-Martin simplifies the composition, painting the landscape in a drastically reduced palette. The figures and their possessions are highlighted by an array of bright colours.

Courtesy the artist and Gagosian

Eye of the Storm 2003

Acrylic on canvas

In around 2000, Craig-Martin began painting crowded groups of objects, packed in ambiguous spaces. Here, objects are placed so close together that the background disappears. The use of non-naturalistic colours and changes in scale disrupt our sense of familiarity with each object and invites the viewer, as Craig-Martin explains, 'to pass that first stage of recognition to some kind of second step of actually looking, to consider how things exist in conjunction with each other'.

Walking around London, we often see familiar landmarks that are either being demolished or re-appearing in a new guise. This is (or was) Fenwicks in Bond Street that is a great façade and obviously will be retained

Another very varied volume..but I rather like the fact that it is so different. Maybe that's a reflection on how I am...all over the place. Anyway, I like to think it's anything but boring...and because I can't hear what you are saying...it's a one way conversation..